When I was thirteen

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& okaeshi

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Let me tell you a story of the past
In a passage made of stone, in the restricted clock tower
In those days,
Forever running about in shiny leather shoes, red ribbon ties fluttering in the wind
We were but young boys with rosy cheeks...

#1

Welcome new students
To Saint Carensberg private high school
If we compare you to a plant, you are newly budding leaves at only twelve years old
As first year students in our school, be proud
And make sure that you will, by no means, bring shame to this emblem
CLACK
CLACK
Every day, open your eyes Embrace yourself and your aspiration
CLACK
ARE YOU ANDREW MORGAN ?

HEY
ST. CARENSBERG
SINCE THIS SCHOOL IS THE MOST PRESTIGIOUS IN THIS AREA
WELL..I GUESS IT'S ONLY NATURAL
I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D GO TO THE SAME SCHOOL!
I SAW YOU WEARING A BOWTIE AT THE CITY ANNIVERSARY CEREMONY SOME TIME AGO..
I'M CASPER, NICE TO MEET YOU.
YOUR DAD IS MORGAN THE MAYOR, RIGHT?
AH?
I'M PRETTY SURE
AAAAH. HE'S NOT FROM AROUND HERE.
AAH. THAT GUY READING A BOOK BY HIMSELF?
OVER THERE ...
HM?
WHO IS HE?
IS ANDREW MORGAN HERE?
WHAT A GLOOMY LOOK-ING-GUY..
LHMM, HIS NAME... WHAT WAS IT..?
HE'S SOME-THING LIKE A RELATIVE OF THE BOARD CHAIR-MAN

THEY SAY YOU'RE THE MAYOR'S SON, HUH?
.....
ISN'T IT DANGER-OUS..?
THEY'RE ASKING FOR HIM?
THEY ARE 3RD YEARS
THAT BLUE EMBLEM..
THEY DON'T LOOK FOUR-TEEN
THEY'RE HUGE!
YES, I AM... SO WHAT?
YOU HEARD ME! ANSWER THE QUESTION!
BUT.. YOU DO HAVE MONEY, DON'T YOU?
YOU UNDER-STAND, RIGHT?
THERE'S NO WAY YOU'RE IMPOR-TANT, HUH?
NO MATTER HOW IMPORTANT OF A MAN THE MAYOR IS
BASI-CALLY CALL THIS A RULE OF THE REAL WORLD
SLAM

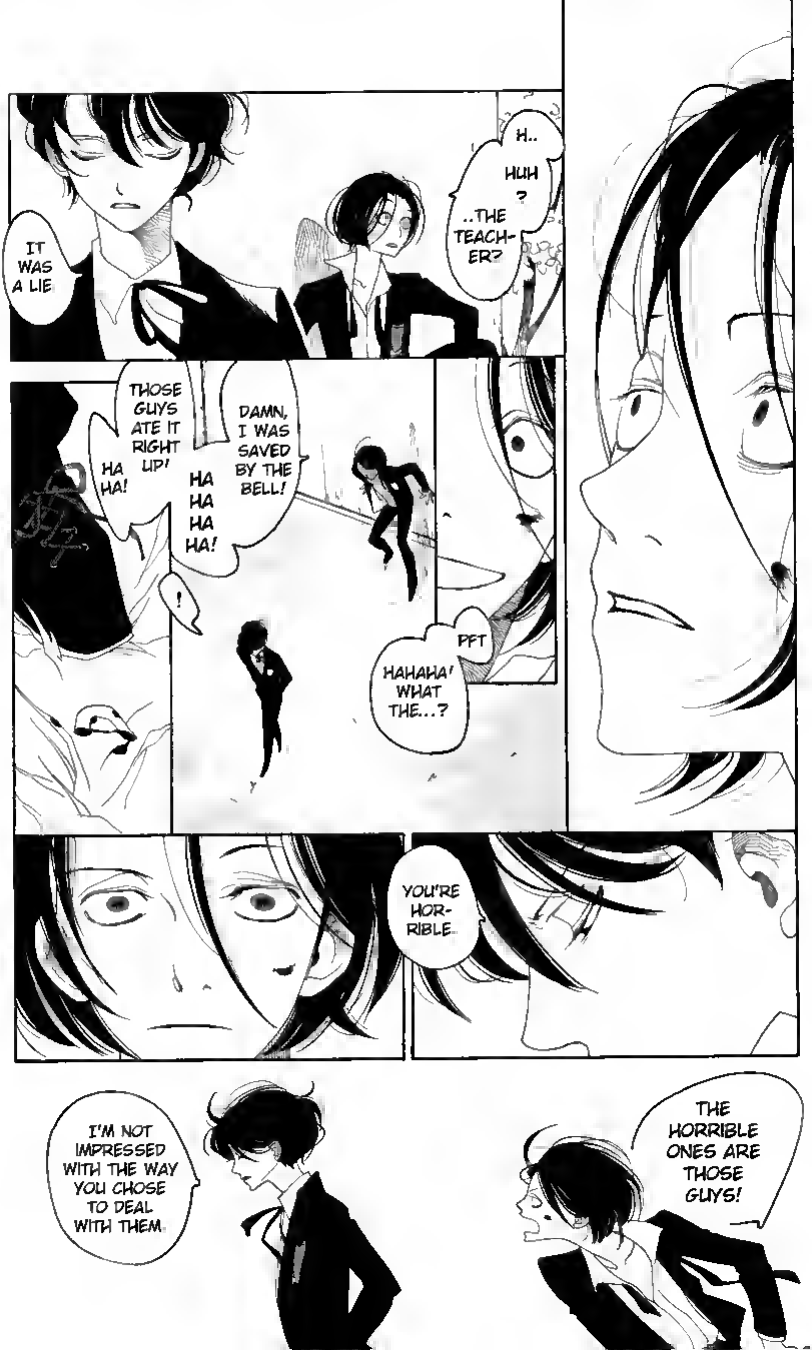
SO WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT IS ADMONITION MONEY.
SINCE YOU'RE JUST A FIRST YEAR
OR RATHER, THAT YOU KNOW THE LIMIT OF YOUR POSITION
I DON'T HAVE... ANY MONEY...
BUT, EVEN AT HOME...
I'M NOT SAYING NOW
YOU CAN GET IT FROM HOME, YOU SEE
GRAB
BASICALLY, I'LL MAKE SURE YOU KNOW EXACTLY HOW THINGS WORK AROUND HERE
YOU CAN ASK YOUR DAD, RIGHT? USE YOUR HEAD!
SAY THAT YOU NEED THE MONEY TO BUY A TEXTBOOK OR SOMETHING!
SPONGE OFF YOUR PARENTS IS WHAT I'M SAYIN'!

SLASH
C'MON... GO ASK THAT DOTING PAPA OF YOURS..
HA HA HA!
HE LOOKS SO FUCKING SCARED!
HA HA HA HA!

U...
UAR-RRR GH!!
EAR..
MY EAR!
MY EAR!
HE'S HOLDING SOME-THING!

EGH!
PUNCH
YOU BAS TARD !!
..HA HA..
WAIT! THE BLOOD.. IT WON'T STOP...
IT HUUU URTS ...
I KNEW IT..
I SHOULD MAKE YOU UNDER-STAND USING YOUR BODY..
ULUGH..
twitch
WHERE'S THE MISSING PART OF THE EAR?
FUCKING AROUND WITH US ..
CAN'T FIND IT...
STAND UP!!
YOU FUC-
TEACHER!!

TEACHER, OVER HERE!! THE STUDENT IS OVER HERE!
FUCK, SOMEONE IS COMING!
..FUCKING LAME.
LET'S GO.
IT'S HIS LUCKY DAY...
UUH
HERE, I'LL HELP YA..
..HHHH..


IT WAS A LIE
H..
HUH ?
..THE TEACHER?
THOSE GUYS ATE IT RIGHT UP!
HA HA!
HA HA HA HA!
DAMN, I WAS SAVED BY THE BELL!
!
PFT
HAHAHA! WHAT THE...?
YOU'RE HORRIBLE
I'M NOT IMPRESSED WITH THE WAY YOU CHOSE TO DEAL WITH THEM
THE HORRIBLE ONES ARE THOSE GUYS!

TO RESIST USING VIOLENCE WILL ONLY BRING MORE VIOLENCE.
THOSE HUGE 3RD YEARS SURROUNDED ME!!
I WAS OUTNUMBERED, YOU KNOW?
THEN.. WHAT SHOULD I HAVE DONE?!
...THEN WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?!
WOULD YOU REALLY CALL A TEACHER OVER LIKE SOME WEAKLING?!
THAT'S LIKE BEING SOME BRAT WHO CLINGS ONTO HIS MOMMY IN TEARS!
I'M FINE WITH THAT.
THE ONE WHO PLAYS HIS CARDS RIGHT IS THE ONE WHO WINS.
RUSTLE

I DON'T WANT TO DO SOME-THING SO PITIFUL..
I'LL WAIT FOR THE STORM TO PASS..
COUGH

SHIT, I'M PISSED
SHUT UP!
WHAT WAS IT
"I'll wait for the storm to pass."
WHAT ARE YOU GETTING SO IRRITATED FOR?!
YOU SHOULD SUCK IT MORE LIGHTLY IN THE BEGINNING!
MORON!
SHHH!
COUGH
UGH!
COUGH
SHIT! THAT BASTARD..
YOU DON'T KNOW IF IT'S GOING TO PASS!!
AH..
WHAT ARE YOU ON ABOUT?!

WELL
I DIDN'T GET TO ASK...
WHAT IS HIS NAME...?
HIS NAME...

WHO CARES!
I KNOW I DON'T!
?
A BEAT-ING?
LAST NIGHT, THE 3RD YEARS CAME TO THE DORM?
..SEE, THEY CAME TO THE CLASSROOM THE OTHER DAY.
SCARY!
I HEAD THEY BROKE HIS BONE.
WHAT DID HE DO?

IT'S PROHIBITED TO ENTER THE CLOCK TOWER.
YOU'RE HERE TOO, AREN'T YOU?
FROM WHAT CAN I SEE, YOU'RE NOT PLAYING YOUR CARDS RIGHT AT ALL.
SNIFF.....
WHAT.. THIS SMELL ON YOU..
CIGA-RETTES...?
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO
WHAT ABOUT MONEY? DID THEY TAKE ANY FROM YOU?
THOSE GUYS WON'T BE SATISFIED WITH JUST ONE TIME.
FROM NOW ON, I MEAN.

WELL
IF YOU GIVE THEM MONEY, THEY'LL ONLY..
I WON'T DO ANY-THING.
...WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
SOONER OR LATER THOSE GUYS WILL TIRE OF IT
I'LL WAIT FOR THAT.
ARE YOU STUPID ?! THEY BROKE YOUR ARM!!

DO YOU KNOW NOW NAIVE WHAT YOU JUST SAID IS ?!
THIS IS NOT SOMETHING THAT WILL BE OVER IN A DAY OR TWO!
IT WILL GO ON AND ON!
UNTIL THOSE GUYS GRADU-ATE!
THEY HAVE THEIR EYES ON YOU, AND THAT'S WHAT IT MEANS!
..BUT THOSE GUYS WANT MONEY, RIGHT?
YOU IDIOT!
IT'S BE-CAUSE YOU WON'T GIVE THEM MONEY THAT YOU WERE BEATEN UP, RIGHT? USE YOUR HEAD, YOU FUCKING IDIOT!! NEXT TIME, THEY WON'T BE SATISFIED WITH ONLY YOUR ARM!!

IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD IF YOU DON'T MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND
YOU HAVE TO COMPLETELY KNOCK THEM OUT SO THAT THEY WON'T LAY A HAND ON YOU AGAIN!!
THIS IS NOT SOMETHING YOU CAN REASON WITH!!
DO YOU HAVE TO BE BEATEN TO DEATH BEFORE YOU UNDERSTAND?!
I WON'T!!
THAT YOU'RE ABOVE THEM!!
THAT YOU'RE STRONG TOO!!

I WON'T FIGHT.

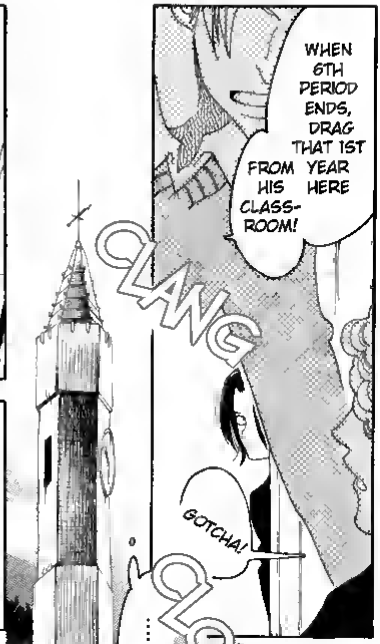
DO WHAT-EVER YOU WANT.
...COWARD

PEOPLE LIKE HIM WHO ONLY SAY SUCH POMPOUS LINES
CAN'T SEE THE REALITY!
EVEN WHEN HIS ARM IS BROKEN
THAT IDIOT!
....
SHOULDN'T WE GO FOR MAYOR JUNIOR INSTEAD?
HE FUCKING CHIPPED NICK'S EAR!
YOU KNOW, TODAY AFTER SCHOOL
ARE WE GONNA DO IT AGAIN?
TO THE ONE WITH THE BROKEN ARM?
YEAH
THE BOY FROM YESTERDAY IS TOO MUCH OF A PAIN IN THE ASS
AND HE DIDN'T GIVE US ANY MONEY ANYWAY
I DON'T LIKE HIM!

HE HAD THE BALLS TO GLARE AT ME EVEN AFTER I BROKE HIS ARM!
THAT UNRUFFLED FUCKER
I'M GONNA HURT HIM SO BAD, THAT HE'S GONNA BAWL HIS EYES OUT.
HE'LL BEG FOR FORGIVENESS ON HIS KNEES
AND LICK MY FEET.
I'M NOT SETTLING FOR ANYTHING LESS.
TAKE HIM TO OUR DORM AFTER SCHOOL
IF YOU DO, WE CAN DO ANYTHING WE'D LIKE, AS MUCH AS WE LIKE
NO ONE CAN HEAR HIS VOICE.
HEY HEY.. WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO TO HIM?!
MORON!
Hyahaha
LIKE I CARE
ISN'T IT GREAT THAT THE TARGET IS OFF OF ME?
HEY VICTOR!

IT'S TIME FOR THE STORM TO COME

FOR YOU


WHEN 6TH PERIOD ENDS, DRAG THAT 1ST YEAR FROM HIS CLASS-ROOM HERE!
CLANG
GOTCHA!
CLONG

"I'll wait for the storm to pass."
IT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN.

GG-GAAAH!! FF-FUUUUC-CCKK DAAM-MIITT!!
"Drag him to our dorm"
"No one can hear his voice."
Today after school"
SHIT...
YOU'RE IGNORING ME?!
WHERE'S ANDREW MORGAN?
YOU LITTLE SHELTERED BRAT
FUCK!
IRRITATED
YOU...

NOT HEEERE
HE WAS HERE UNTIL 5TH PERIOD
QUITE AN ATTITUDE FOR SUCH A NEW STUDENT...
TELL HIM TO COME TO THE STAFF ROOM LATER
Whisper
..IT'S NOT LIKE HE'S GONNA PUNISH HIM ANYWAY
WELL, HE IS THE MAYOR'S SON..
Snicker
YAWN
HOA AAHM
I HOPE 6TH PERIOD ENDS SOON ...
VICTOR?
AH?
BASH

WHAT'S GOING ON, VICTOR?
YOU'RE LATE..
WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T THE MAYOR'S SON...
HOW NICE OF YOU TO COME ALL THIS WAY TO VISIT US!
YOUR FRIEND SHOULD BE HERE SOON, YOU KNOW?
YOU GUYS ARE REALLY CLOSE, HUH?
WHICH ONE OF YOU BROKE HIS ARM?
HUH?
WEREN'T YOU THE ONE THAT CUT MY EAR?
AN EYE FOR AN EY-
GUH!

GAH!
SMASH
A...
GUHUG!
HEY! YOU OKAY?!
YOU FUCK-ING BRAT!
YOU'RE JUST A PUNK WHO LIVES UNDER HIS DADDY'S TITLE!!!
SHUT THE FUCK UP!!

HH
HAA
HH
HH
FUCK! WHY DON'T WE KILL THIS BRAT?
WELL WE TOOK ONE LIMB FROM THE OTHER KID..
SO, LET'S TAKE ALL FOUR FROM THIS ONE!!
IDIOTS! YOU'VE GOT NO STYLE!
LIKE THIS
START WITH THE PINKY FINGER AND THEN MOVE ALONG ONE BY ONE...
Hyahahaha
YOUR DAD OWNS THE SUPERMARKET, RIGHT?

WOULDN'T IT BE BAD IF YOU LEFT PROOF OF YOUR ACTIONS BY BREAKING MY FINGERS?
...SONS OF BRIBERS.
AND YOURS IS A GENERAL CONTRACTOR, RIGHT?
YOURS OWNS THE STEAK RESTAURANT
YOURS OWNS THE DRUG STORE
...OH, WHAT IS THIS? SO YOU'RE GONNA RELY ON YOUR DADDY AFTER ALL?
BORROWING HIS POWER
THE ONE WHO PLAYS HIS CARDS RIGHT IS THE ONE WHO WINS.
THAT'S FINE BY ME
HHH...
OW OW

DAMN
I'M COVERED IN BLOOD
AAAAAH SHEESH
I'M DONE WITH THIS KIND OF THING...
SHIT

I'll ask his name
I'VE RE-TURNED MY DEBT..
When he opens his eyes